

The Halo Chronicles:God of War

by Piece of Peace

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Summary: Come over and read a short adventure about Sgt.Johnson!

Takes place a short while before The fall of Reach. (Note:This story is based on a mature rated game)

1. Section 1

(Hello. Thank you for taking the time to read this. This is a brief adventure of our man Sgt. Johnson! Be sure to read and review. I hope you enjoy this. Oh yeah, disclaimer: everything belongs to its respectful owners. I'm going to try my best on this.)

****SECTION I****

****AMBUSH****

****1200 hrs. 29 June 2252 (military calendar) / ****

****UNSC Pelican 119 en route to Stryker Base, In Pace Requiesat Star System, planet Odin****

Sgt. Johnson gave his Cuban cigar a puff as he stood at the rear door way of a Pelican dropship holding on to one side as it flew in the air. A moment or two later, he eyed the sixty marines who sat on the two rows of seats behind him through his dark sunglasses. They were dressed in gray camouflage and metal battle vests just as he was. In their arms were a variety of S2 AM Sniper Rifles, M7 Sub Machine Guns, and MA5B Assault Rifles. At the very last seat at the end was Pvt. Hussein, a new recruit. Unlike the rest of the unit, he was armed with a double barreled M19 SSM Rocket Launcher. Putting away his cigar for later, Johnson took a minute and noted how the young man was detached from everyone else. 'Must be a lone wolf' he concluded after observing him during drills and just now. Then once more, he looked at the world that was down there below. The once green and lush earth was there was now a barren orange red wasteland filled with charred bodies, and some were almost incinerated. Though there were a few enemy casualties here and there, at least 99.99

percent of the total casualties appeared to be human. And in the background, he could hear gunfire and explosions from afar.

"Alright Sarge, we're heading for the LZ, ETA is ten seconds from now" said the Pelican's pilot. And so, in ten seconds they landed. "Go! Go Go!" Johnson barked to the leathernecks. Like good soldiers, they all got out, and the sergeant himself didn't get off until everyone else did. They were now at the command post, and everywhere, it seemed people looked very busy and were rushing from everywhere to everywhere. Once outside, the marines stood in columns and rows. In front of them was a man. From his looks, Johnson saw him as a senior member of the UNSC Marine Corps. He walked over to him and saluted. Looking at the insignia on his shoulders, Johnson saw that he held the rank of colonel. "Zulu team, reporting for duty, sir!" he said attentively. "At ease sergeant" the man said returning the salute. Then immediately, he got down to business. "We have 34th and the 91st regiments holding off the enemy at the front lines. But unfortunately, this battle now belongs to enemy, and this planet's doomed for. We all have to get outta here. You and your men are to go over there and give them a hand so that they may escape." the colonel explained. "Get on the job ASAP." "Sir, yes sir!" Johnson said saluting once more.

The marines assembled at the base's garage and got in the Warthog jeeps. Behind the two front and only seats of each of the Warthogs, there was a 12.7 mm triple barreled chain gun that fired diamond-piercing bullets very quickly at a rate of 10 rounds per second. Some also had a mini 25 mm gauge Magnetic Accelerator Cannon instead, which fired mighty elemental tungsten shells that packed a punch or two. Whether they had a chain gun or the mini-MAC at the back, the Warthog would still have formidable firepower. Johnson had just returned from the armory. He had equipped himself with a pair of assault rifles in his hands, a pair of MD6 pistols in his holsters, and put on a display of a few ammo clips for his armament that hung on his battle vest. "Marines!" he said to them. "The 34th and the 94th are currently fighting the Covenant just seven miles two o'clock from here and their butts are being kicked badly. So lets give 'em a hand so we can all get the hell outta here" he said briefing them on their assignment. "But while we're at it, lets show those goddamned, no good for nothing sons of fucking alien bitches who they're messing with!" he added to boost his unit's morale with his tough voice. As a leader, Johnson felt it was important to have a positive relationship between him and his men, and he always made sure that they believed in their battle and most importantly each other. They all gave out verbal expressions of cheering. Turning his sergeant's cap backwards and putting on his sunglasses, he walked over and sat in Warthog next to a driver. He looked at both his driver and mini-MAC gunner. Next to him was Pvt. O'Conner and the gunner behind them was Pvt. Gonzalez. Memorizing his men's names was a lot of times an arduous thing, but he still considered it important. Through his headphone, Johnson gave the order to pull out. "Alright people! Let's move out!" A brigade of brilliantly green armored Warthogs came to life and moved through the large doorway.

"Wang, how's it going?" the sergeant asked through the headphone. _"A-Ok, sarge. We're good to go" _said the voice. Johnson had arranged for a couple of Pelicans to join them and provide air cover as well. And also, they could be used to pick up the remaining 34th and 91st troops. "Then get on it soldier!" he ordered. Turning the link to the rest of the group he said: "Ok, it's gonna get hot. Get

ready!" Within a few more moments of driving through the dead hills, the sergeant could see colored energy shields, glowing balls of light, and short little round bodies with pointed backs. "Ok! Let's rock and roll marines!" he roared. As soon as that was said, all the chain and mini-MAC guns came to life and fired at the enemy. And those who sat next to the drivers also fired their arms. Johnson himself positioned both his assault rifles in front of him over the windshield and pressed hard on the triggers. The short little guys with pointed backs weren't that much of a problem and were easily taken care of. They were code-named Grunts. But the ones with energy shields and had bird-like heads, who were called Jackals were somewhat of a problem. They used the shields to cover them and any bullets that came in their way bounced off it. Then with their other hand, they shot their plasma pistols. So he tried to take careful aim and shoot their hand off or something to 'disarm' them and they would cower away in fear. But it turned out there were hordes of them. Plasma fire from both the Jackals and Grunts shot at any Warthog they could. Johnson saw as a Warthog in front of him exploded, killing all three passengers after a Jackal took careful aim and fired a charged plasma ball at its engine. Then another one somewhere else had its driver shot a few times in the face and as a result stopped suddenly in the middle of the battlefield. Then a firing squad of enemy troops came over and slaughtered the remaining passengers before they were able to take out their guns. "Wang! Where's our air cover!" he asked. _"We're almost there!"_ came the reply. And it turned out to be true. A squadron of six Pelicans flew over and fired its pairs of machine guns and arsenals of rockets. In addition to that, there was a chain gun being manned at the rear door way of it for covering its back. Within a few minutes, the enemy began to retreat. "Yeah! That's right you losers! Run!" he said to them. "Everyone, report!" he ordered. And so everyone gave their team number from one to sixty. Twenty-five of the original sixty marines had been KIA. 'Damn' the sergeant thought. He hadn't expected to lose that many, especially in such a short amount of time.

Putting that feeling aside for now, he channeled his headphone to any other marines that were not part of his unit. "34th, 91st do you copy? Over" he said. But no response came. "This is Zulu Team. Does anyone copy? Over" he said hoping that someone would answer. Then static came. _"This the 91st|the 34th are all KIA'd|"_ came a panicky voice. In the background of it, Johnson could hear gun and plasma fire, people screaming and explosions. _"|Zulu Team, forget about us!...the enemy has overrun our position and|"_ continued the same voice _"|ugh!_ _Oh nooo! Argggggghhh-"_ the comlink was for some reason cut off and died. The sergeant thought he heard a roar of some kind as well as a slicing sound just before it did so. "91st, do you copy, over?!" he asked again. But this time not even static was heard. It didn't take a whole lot of brains to figure out what happened. Then he changed the channel to the colonel to report the 34th and 91st's status. "Colonel sir, we were unable to rescue any survivors. Over." _"Understood sergeant. Now you and your men better get your asses over here quadruple time. Another enemy unit has found us and we're holding them off to buy time to get off this place"_ the colonel said trying to stay calm, but there was a trace of fear in his voice. "Yes sir" he said. "Marines! We are leavi-" but he was interrupted. "Look! Enemy aircraft coming our way!" cried a marine pointing at the sky. Johnson looked at the orange sky from his seat and saw a fleet of at least forty banshees in a V formation flying directly over at them. Before they had a chance to shoot at them first or get their vehicles moving, the Banshee fleet flew by over

them and shot gaseous beams that dropped on them with serviceable accuracy. Before being knocked cold out after one of those things almost killed him and then with the shockwave pushing him hard on to the ground, the sergeant caught a glimpse of his men writhing in pain and screamed as they were being hit by the bombs and burn white hot. Alive.

(Ok, that's the first chapter. Remember, please R&R! For future chapters, I'll see if I can make them longer. Please feel free to let me know if you have any suggestions about the story and writing style.)

2. Section 2

****SECTION II****

****A STROLL IN THE PARK****

****Ninth Age of Reclamation (Covenant Holy Calendar) /****

****Flight Commander's Cockpit/ Leading Banshee, Covenant Forces
1,178th Air Corps Wing****

Ft. Cdr. Zangumikus lay down in his Banshee's cockpit while scanning the vicinity of the place after eliminating out the group of the human's odd vehicles that moved on four wheels. It was a privilege for his race, the Sangheili to pilot aircraft such as this and lead the troops on the battlegrounds. They had lizard-like heads, and strong, athletic bodies. The Sangheili always wore battle armor covered from head to toe that was protected by an energy shield that flickered white when fired at. Then his radar detected a few human aircrafts and he led his wing and pursued them as they were fleeing away. These ridiculous pieces of inferior flying tools were very slow compared to the Banshees and it didn't take long for them to catch up, even though they accelerated to maximum speed. This was proof that the human race was a stupid, underdeveloped species of heathens. Though the 'Pelican' as they called it had an armament of magazine-fed guns that shot metallic projectiles at super-sonic speed, and a few large explosive rounds, they were usually used to drop off human soldiers and wasn't by human standards an ideal air fighter. When Zangumikus and his wing caught up, they fired their Banshees' twin plasma cannons. The plasma more than easily ripped through the human aircraft which was made from arguably weak metal with low melting point. It took no more than a few shots in total until each aircraft was set asunder into smaller pieces as it exploded. After the deed was done, the Commander-in-Chief's who was also a Sangheili like himself spoke to him through the radio in the cockpit. _"Zangumikus, you and your wing are to make an air assault over the enemy H.Q. now, where our main forces are attacking."_

Following orders, the Sangheili and his wing turned around.

****1242 hrs. 29 June 2252 (military calendar) / ****

****Unknown surface coordinates, In Pace Requiesat Star System, planet
Odin****

Johnson awoke a few minutes later. All he saw were Warthogs reduced

to ruin while they were burning into ashes. He got up and tossed his now glassless sunglasses and went over to the Warthog that was leaning on its side and checked to see if Gonzalez and O'Connor were ok, but whatever was left of them was had been wildly set aflame. They were far beyond recognition. And the sergeant checked here and there and as far as he could see, everyone else he saw met the same fate. "Anyone ok?!" he called. He was now thought 'holy shit' from damn. How could he let this happen so easily? When no one answered, he felt his heart sink to a deepness of negative infinity. This was his no doubt his fault. "Sarge!" called out a voice. Surprised and finding some comfort that at least one person was alive, he eyes began scanning everywhere. Finally, he saw where the voice came from. He rushed to a Warthog that had been flipped upside down. Under it were three men he recognized as Hussein, Kalashnikov, and Lee. Using every ounce of his strength, Johnson pushed the warthog until it finally pushed over. The three troops from under also tried to help. He saw that the three of them and himself had minor injuries-well at least compared it was because the rest of the unit didn't live. "Grab what supplies you can" Johnson ordered them as picked up a pair of new SMG's, replacing his previous assault rifles which were busted. Hussein put his rocket launcher on his back which was lightweight enough, and picked up an assault rifle and slammed a clip into it. Lee looked around and found the latest model of UNSC ground weaponry-the battle rifle. It was a new gun with a small magnification scope that fired bursts of three shots at a time with good accuracy. He also picked up a sniper and put it over his back. Then Kalashnikov, after picking up an SMG of his own, went over to one of the wrecked Warthogs and managed to rip off a chain gun with his great arms. The sergeant watched as he remembered during one of the 'training sessions' he taught his troops. During one of those lessons which he called 'fight club' class, he saw the guy win match after match using some kind of karate and Russian martial arts. He even asked him later about how he did it and Kalashnikov told something about utilizing the mind and body. It was something Johnson still didn't quite understand. "The Covenant got this place glassed, and we're leaving" and he led the three as they walked over the hills. He would've preferred that they take a nearby Warthog, but there wasn't time to check and see if there was still one working.

The sergeant didn't feel quite comfortable walking in the open field. Especially when you were only with a few men and the enemy could be hiding anywhere and shoot you from afar. "Keep your eyes open" he warned. But however, it seemed that for the seven miles they had to travel, they didn't encounter any Covenant. Trying to find out exactly why, Johnson concluded that they were busy trying to assault H.Q. Figures. They had finally reached the barracks. But from what Johnson could see from behind the boulder, it was overrun with Grunts and Jackals, and further byond there were also Banshees flying around, shooting their twin plasma cannons. "Ok, listen up. We're gonna have to sneak our way around here. We're no match against- "Too late sir!" said Kalashnikov's deep voice. The rest of them looked over and saw a squad of Jackals. None of them hesitated to fire at on sight. Desperate, Johnson pressed hard on the SMG's triggers, spraying bullets at them, knowing that one hit from their plasma pistols could kill you. But their combined firepower was enough and even the shields weren't enough to save them. 'Shit' he thought angrily. Now they knew they were there. A fresh, larger squad of Grunts and Jackals were now coming their way to continue where their fallen comrades had left off. "Hussein, shoot a rocket!" he ordered the young soldier. Taking aim and waiting patiently for the scope's

lock-on system to target something, Hussein fired two shots, one after the other. Two mushrooms of clouds, dirt, and fire appeared at the enemy's position. Whatever was left of the Covenant troops, Kalashnikov dealt with his chain gun. "Let's go!" Johnson ordered, knowing that speed was now the only thing they could rely on.

But unnoticed, one Grunt fired a weapon that was full of quills on it. It was an odd arm with some sort of homing device and it just happened to land on Lee's arm. The quill exploded on impact. "Arghhhhhh!" he screamed with his eyes as big as they could get. After shooting the damn Grunt, he ran over to check on Lee. Although he was alive, the sight wasn't pretty-on his arm was a hole that had blood coming out like magma out of a volcano, only a lot faster. Thinking quickly, Johnson took out a canister and sprayed foam on the great wound to prevent it from getting any infections. Lee writhed in pain. Then he took out a medpack and wrapped it all over, covering it. The pressure exerted on it would also help stop the bleeding. "You ok leatherneck?" he asked the soldier. Lee attempted a smile and said "Yes sir" The sergeant cursed at himself for not being able to prevent this. But at least he could still hold his battle rifle and fight, but he couldn't hold the sniper. Well its not like they would need one when fighting inside a base.

The team moved forward and made their way inside the building.

(Ok, please review.)

End
file.